

The Washington Times Magazine Page



A great serial

OF ROMANCE, MYSTERY, ADVENTURE By Winston Churchill.

"The Inside of the Cup," published + serially here by permission of the MacMillan Company, has been made into a motion picture by Cosmopolitan Productions, and will be released as a Paramount-Arteraft

'Author of "Richard Carvel," "The Of World-Wide Popularity. you know her history, Mr.

Hodder?" she asked.

"Well, I don't. And I don't care to. But the way to get at Kate Marcy, light as she is in some respects, is through her feelings. And she's somehow kept 'em alive. We've got to trust her, from now on-that's the only way. And that's what God does, any-

Turning over that phrase in his mind, Hodder went slowly back toward the parish house. God trusted individuals-even such as Kate Marcy. What did that mean? Individual responsibility! He reprinciple, then? It was as though a searchlight were flung ahead of him and he saw, dimly, a new order-a new order in government and religion.

The church was still open, and under the influence of the same strange excitement which had driven him to walk in the rain so long ago, he entered and went slowly up the marble aisle. Through the gathering gloom he saw the figure on the cross. And as he stood gazing at it, a message for which he had been waiting blazed up within him.

He would not leave the Church! There was one whose face was constantly before him, and the reflection of her distressed yet undaunted soul-Alison Parr. The contemplation of her courage, of her determination to abide by nothing save the truth, had had a power over him that he might not est!mate, and he loved her as a man loves a woman, for her imperfections. And he loved her body and her mind.

One morning, as he walked back from Mrs. Bledsoe's through an unfrequented, wooded path of the Park, he beheld her as he had summoned her in his visions. She was sitting motionless, gazing before her with clear eyes, as at the

She started on suddenly perceiving him, but it was character stic of her greeting that she seemed to feel no surprise at the accident which had brought them together. "I am afraid." he said smiling "that I have broken in on some pro-

She did not answer at once, but looked up at him, as he stood over her, with one of her strange, baffling gazes, in which there was the hint of a welcoming smile.

"You've changed remarkably." In his agitation at this discovery he repeated her words.

SEEM HAPPIER.

"Why, you seem happier, you look happier. It isn't only that, I can't explain how you impress me. It struck me when you were talking to Mr. Bentley the other day. You seem to see something you did't see when I first met you, that you didn't see the first time we were at Mr. Bentley's together. Your attitude is fixed-directed. You have made a decision of some sort-a momentous one, I rather think." "Yes." he replied, "you are right. It's more than remarkable that you should have guessed it." She remained silent.

'I have decided," he found himself saying abruptly, "to continue in the Church." Still she was silent until he won-

dered whether she would answer

You are wondering how I can do it," he said.
"Yes," she acknowledged, in a

low voice. should like you to know-that is why I spoke of it. You have never asked me, and I have never

to'd you that the convictions I formerly held I lost. And with them, for awhile, went everything. At least so I believed. "I knew it;" she answered; "I

could see that, too." "I wish you to know what I am telling you for two reasons," he went on, "I was you who spoke the words that led to the opening of my eyes to the situation into which I had been drifting for two years, who compelled me to look upon the inconsistencies and falsities which had gradually been borne in upon me. It was you, I think, who gave me the courage to face this situation squarely, since you possess that kind of courage

yourself." "Oh, no." she cried. "You would have done it anyway." He paused a moment, to get himself in hand.

She did not reply: "There is another reason for my telling you now of this decision of mine to remain a clergyman," hecontinued. "It is because I value your respect and friendship, and I tope you will believe that I would not take this course unless I saw my way clear to do it with sin-

"One has only to look at you to see that you are sincere," she said gently, with a thrill in her voice that almost unmanned him. "I told you once that I should never have forgiven myself if I had wrecked your life. I meant it. I am very

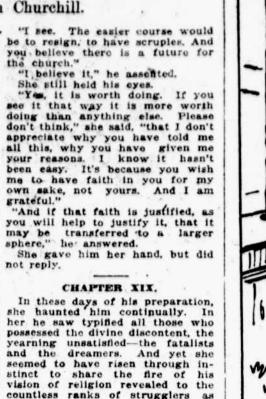
It was his turn to be sitent. "Once you have made your ideas your own," she mused, "you will have the power of convincing peo-

THE POWER TO CONVINCE.

Suddenly, as if by a transference of thought, she voiced what he had

ir mind. "You are going to tell them the truth about themselves!" she exclaimed. "That they are not Chris-

His silence was an admission. "You must see," he told her, after the moment they had looked into each other's faces, "that this is the main reason why I must stay it St. John's, in the church, if



sphere," he answered.

In these days of his preparation, she haunted him continually. In her he saw typified all those who possessed the divine discontent, the yearning unsatisfied—the fatalists and the dreamers. And yet she seemed to have risen through instinct to share the fire of his vision of religion revealed to the countless ranks of strugglers the hidden motive-power of the world, the impetus of scientist, statesman, artist, and philanthro-pist! They had stood together on the heights of the larger view, whence the whole of the battle-line

That he had caught and held her attention, although by no conscious effort of his own, was clear to him. But had he not merely arrested her? Would she not presently disappear, leaving only in his life the scarlet thread which she had woven into it for all time? Would he not fail to change, permanently, the

Such were his hopes and fears concerning her, and they were mingled inextricably with other hopes and fears which had to do with the great venture of his life. Outwardly controlled, he lived in the state of intense excitement of the leader waiting for the time to change.

The moment was at hand. September had waned, the nights were cooling, his parishioners were re-turning from the East. One of these was Elcanor Goodrich, whom he met on a corner, tanned and revived from her long summer in Massachusetts.

"I hear you have been here all summer," she said reproachfully. "Mother and father and all of us were much disappointed that you did not come to us on the Cape.' "I should have come, if it had been possible," he replied. "It seems to have done you a world

of good.

VERY MUCH STARTLED. She was in mourning for her father-in-law, who had died in the spring. Phil Goodrich had taken his place. Eleanor found the conversation, somehow, drifting out of her control. It was not at all

what she would have desired to say. Her color heightened. "I have not been conducting the services, but I esume them next Sunday," said the ector. "I ought to tell you," he went on, regarding her, "in view of th econversa-tion we have had, that I have changed my mind concerning a great many things I have not spoken of this as yet to any of the members of the congrega-

She was speechless, and could only stare at him blankly. "I mean," he continued, with calmness that astonished her afterwards, "that I have changed my whole conception as to the functions and future of the church, that I have come to your position, that we must make up our minds for ourselves, and not have them made up for us. And that we must ex-

Her attitude was one of mingled admiration, concern and awe. And she saw that she had grasped something of the complications which his course was likely to bring

amine into the truth of all state-

ments, and be governed according-

about. "But you are not going to leave us!" she managed to exclaim. "Not if it is possible to remain,"

"I am so glad." She was still overpowered by the disclosure. mind my telling Phil?"

He continued to smile at her as she stepped forward to take the 'I'll have to forgive you," he "because you were

answered, She was still in such a state of excitement when she arrived downtown that she went direct to her husband's law office to tell him. Mr. Goodrich thrust his hands in

his pockets and gave a low whistle. To Be Continued Monday.

BOOKS

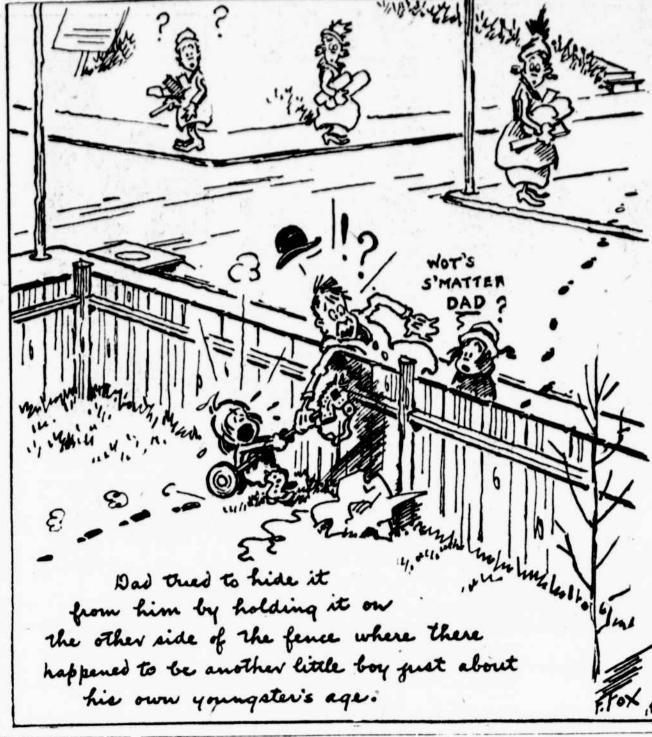
The yearly crop of books is much too large, and authors must cut down their output if they expect the literary market to continue in good health, Lowell Brentano, publisher and bookseller, said recently at a luncheon of the Authors' League of America. The number of new books at present appearing is so great that it is impossible to give them proper advertising, Mr.

Brentano thinks. The American Publishers' Association is to make an effort to remedy the situation, he explained, through a fund devoted to advertising which is to be raised by subscriptions from publishers, wholesalers, and many of the retailers. An advertising campaign which will cover three years has been planned. Mr. Brentano said that a census of the reading public had been taken by the publishers, and

that it revealed that the average

American family bought 600 news-

The Inside of the Cup | WHEN LITTLE WILLIE CAME RUNNING UP AS DAD WAS ON HIS WAY | Not So Long



WHAT DO YOU

THINK?

Write frankly, briefly, and

truthfully your views on the problem, "Is Marriage a Suc-

cess?" If you think it not al-

together a success, do not fail to suggest what you think is the remedy, WHAT is the trou-

ble, and what could be done.

Write in your opinions, experi-

ences, and suggestions. Write

frankly and fearlessly-your

confidence will be respected

No names of writers published

except with the writers' con-

sent. Use only one side of the

Address your contributions to

The Washington Times,

Washington, D. C.

be unable to have.

MARRIAGE EDITOR,

giving hubby a lift. They work

in order to have money to buy

fancy clothes that they would

Therefore, I cannot hand them

much praise for going back to

work, as it merely deprives some

Before coming to Washington a

great number of our pretty war

workers were either working in

some small town for \$6 per week.

or were living on a farm, wore

cotton stockings and size 8 shoes

(on Sundays only), helped Dad with the chores, and made them-

selves generally useful around the

farm. Then the war broke out.

Immediately clerks and stenogra-

phers sprung up over night, like

Bill Bryan's army. I have seen

them come in at the Union Station

looking like East Lynne, and de-

part for home on a vacation,

fressed up in a poor imitation of

the Folies Bergere, silk rolls, tops

and everything. Is marriage a

sucess? Marry one of Washing-

ton's war workers and you sure

will get the proper information

My letter to the readers of this

Two years ago, when I first ar-

rived in this city I met a soldier

boy, a true, clean gentleman. It

was a case of love at first sight

almost for both of us. When he

left the city. I had promised to be

his wife when he could get his

old job back, in a distant city.

that is his home. He did not get

his job back at once, as a man that stayed at home from the army had it. When he did get

work the salary is not much more

than a mere living for him there,

while my salary is only that here

in vain to solve is what can we

do in the present H. C. L. Our

love for each other grows stronger,

but each year makes the agony

of parting seem greater. I love

him so much that I care little for

the comforts of life without him

and he cares for me too much to

insist on my sharing his salary

until it is larger when he can

give me a home. Each of us are twenty-three. Will some reader

who knows what real, true, gen-

uine, old-fashioned love is tell me

a possible solution to the case? Is marriage a success? It is, I

there's love there.

HAPPY CAUSE IN LOVE.

The question I have tried

section is a plea for advice.

JAMAIS ENCORE.

right off the bat.

SHE WANTS

ADVICE.

other girl of a much needed po-

paper.

From by observation of married

life, much as I dislike to say it, the

woman is to blame, or seems to be,

for the general satisfaction of mar-

ried couples. Often the woman her-

self, is dissatisfied with life only

because of her own jealousy and

For one thing, she can stay up late

at night attending a dance or a show, but when it comes to being

up and preparing a nice hot break

fast for her husband, that is a dif-

ferent thing. Matters go on for

the husband is going to a restaurant

for his breakfast of hot cakes and

coffee, and the wife is taking ad-

vantage of his good nature to be

come lazy. Now, if she were a

business woman, she would be at

work, whether tire or not tired.

Then why not be on the job the

same 'yay in housekeeping, if she

has chosen that in place of busi-

ness? Housekeeping is a snap, anyway, I think. A woman gets

many a rest during the day, while

n business she could not. The same

thing holds true with dinner; what

man likes to return home in the

evening and see an unset table, pos-

sibly find the wife not at home at

be treated that way I doubt if a

man does, when he provides money

for the home, as well as provisions

Like many others, the writer,

years ago, was under the impres-

sion that marriages were made in

Heaven, but since coming to Wash-

ington and getting married, my

mind has been thrown into reverse

with a dull sickening thud. The

fairly representative of the country

in general, in view of the fact that

practically every State in the Union

has contributed its quota of war

workers. I married one of them

and the only real peace of mind I

have had since then was one year

with A. C. Victim in his tirade

against the fair sex, but I will ad-

mit that his article contained a few

good points. His bitterness was un-

doubtedly caused by the fact that

he married a woman who, in the old

days, would have been a candidate

for the ducking stool. The Pilgrim

Fathers enforced a few good laws.

and the old ducking stool was one

Nine out of ten men who have

been snared into the meshes of the

matrimonial net are struggling to

break loose (if they would only ad-

mit the truth). The tenth man is

either reconciled to his fate, or is

too thick to realize the fact that his

nose and the grindstone are to be

close acquaintances for the rest of

get married? The answer is easy.

So that they can turn over a flock

of unpaid bills to the newly-

acquired hubby. Most of them are

hopelessly in debt and marriage is a good way of getting some "book" to pay their bills. They are

also tired of working. It is true

that a good many of them return

to work immediately after the

wedding ceremony, but this is not

done because they are desirous of

This Day in History.

birth, in 1861, of Edward A. Mac-

Dowell, American composer,

whose work won him the high-

est place among American mu-

sicians. He died in 1908, in New

York city, where he was born.

This is the anniversary of the

The writer does not entirely agree

vomen and girls of Washington are

for the table.

IS HE STUNG!

HIS EXPERIENCE-

spent in the A. E. F.

of their best bets.

his life.

If we boarders do not like to

awhile, and the first thing you know

pettiness.

Ago
The Chicago packing industry,
upon which the civilized world and some parts not so civilizeddepends for its meat, is eighty-eight years old. It was in 1832, while Chicago was still a strag-gling, miserable village, that George W. Dole went over to the settlements along the Wabash river and came back with 500 head of cattle, purchased at \$2.75 a hundred pounds, and 300 hogs for which he paid \$3 a hundred pounds.

George was an enterprising citizen. For his slaughter house he erected what is declared to have been the first frame building in Chicago. There he reduced his cat-tle and hogs to beef and pork and the winter. He had no barrels, but before spring he had had enough made to take care of his product. which he shipped to Detroit.

That was the beginning of the industry that was to lead a'l the rest in spreading Chicago's fame around

· Baby's Health What To Do For the Children When They Are Ill.

Medical experts of the United States Public Health Service will answer questions of Times readers concerning the health of babies or children. Address communications to Child's Health Editor, The Washington Times.

RESTLESSNESS. Q. Could you recommend a good soothing syrup or something that would overcome restlessness at

night while baby is teething? A. Soothing syrup or other drugs to induce sleep should never be given except in cases of severe acute illness. Disturbed sleep in infants who are not ill is usually due to hunger, indigestion from improper feeding or overfeeding, or nervous irritability. Teething is occasionally accompanied by some slight digestive disturbance, and if the gums are very red and swollen the baby is apt to be a little fretful. These symptoms usually last a very short time and require no other treatment than careful attention to the baby's diet and to anything in his surroundings or habits which might have an irritating effect upon his nervous system.

Is Marriage a Success? When a Girl Marries

A ed to fall on our group all during the long day when Val lay in the blue room, going from faints into hysterics and from hysterics into strangely calm periods. She was continually sending for Jim and me. I wondered if, with him as with me, she seemed always on the verge of asking something and al-

ways drawing back, In the late afternoon Virginia decided to walk over to Mason Towers with Pat. "What'll we do now that we find ourselves alone together for a change, Lilac Lady

'If you don't mind, Jimm e boy,'

I replied. "I sort of feel like get-

ting out for a breath of air. "All right, I'll come with you." "Please, Jim, I'd rather go alone." A triffe miffed, Jim retorted: "Don't care for a tete-a-tete with your old man, eh? Some day you'll

"You say that in the hurt tone of the child declaring how sorry everybody will be when he's dead and gone and it's too late," I said strug-gling for a light tone to cover my earnest and gripping purpose. "But I really do want to go out, Jim." "Because your walk this morning had such pleasant results?'

questioned Jim, tartly. "Oh, boy-dear, that's unworthy! Can't you understand that I want to get off by myself and pull myself together?"

"No; I'll never fully understand the modern woman-even though I'm married to her. But run Of course, I know you don't want me to go with you, but I still might insist if it weren't for the fact that it's only decent for one of us to stay in the house in case Val needs us." Jim seemed to lay a lot of stress on how much it hurt him to have me insist on going off and leave him, but I hadn't time to puzzle about that. All day long I'd been counting on the twilight hour and what I must do in it. IN WALKING ATTIRE.

I hurried to our room, donned a short skirt and heavy sweater and completed my costume with a pair of thick walking boots and warm tam. Into my pocket I slipped a tiny electric flash and a jackknife I'd unearthed in the big secretary down in the living room. With a ball of heavy cord to complete my ammunition, I started off.

There was something shuddersome and ghostlike in the twilight The little green path, down which I had started so gayly only this morning seemed a grim bit of dank undergrowth. But I hurried along, glad that there was light enough so I could trace my way without using the pocket flash. Instead of going all the way to

morning. I branched off about three-quarters of the way down the path. With this climb down the embankment in view, I had worn the heavy boots I'd bought for cross-country tramps. Steady ing myself by the bushes that grew profusely on the sides of the steep bank. I let myself down cautiously At last, just as I had calculated

I came out on the very plateau where I had found Val. Ahead of me bulked a dark shape. I knew well enough that it was the big gray roadster in which Shelly had driven to meet his doom, but it looked like something monstrously strange and terrible, something I'd drendful, impossible thing that ouldn't be and yet was. A menace and a horror.

It took all the courage I pos sessed to force myself onward. now darkness was cloaking woods and creeping down to the

By Ann Lisle.

CONSPIRACY of silence seem- + edge of the river, which was open enough so that even there at the bottom of the ravine it still was gray instead of black like the bank towering back of me. The beautiful estate I knew so well looked sinister and strange. My feelings were akin to the ter-

rible dread and the fear I experienced once as a child when I was sent to fetch something from the room where my grandfather had died the week before.

I had come to fetch something now, too. So I steaded myself and with thudding heart I slid and clambered down the crumbling embankment to the spot where the big gray car lay overturned. Just beyond was the place where I had seen Evvy Mason with Sheldon's body clasped against her heart.

NERVED FOR THE TASK. "Don't think of that. Don't think of that," I admonished myself

And then my whisper burst into a scream, for something seemed to brush by me. I stood alone at the edge of the clearing at the foot of the embankment. The path was wide enough for one-no more. And yet something heavy seemed to brush against me. It was nothing alive. It felt like some inanimate thing in the hands of a crafty hidden power. A moment and it was gone. I turned to look up the embankment, but it was pitch dark. and I could not see if the bushes parted or the leaves swayed.

Suddenly I thought of my flash, I got it from my pocket, pressed my finger against the button and turned it up toward the top of the hill. But its light was so feeble that I could not be sure if I saw, or only fancied I saw, a figure crouching at the top of the hill, where I had crept down from the path between the two estates. "That's that., Now quit acting like a ninny and go ahead with what you came for," I murmured,

but silently this time. Then I covered the few steps to the big gray car. I help up by torch and got out my jack-knife, opening the biggest, staunchest blade in preparation for what I had

Then I stumbled back a pace. astounded. The leather straps over the tank were cut. Whatever they had held was gone. (To be continued.)

A Daily Recipe CHRISTMAS COOKIES. One sup butter, 1 cup sugar,

eggs, beaten: 1 tablespoor

ilk, 21/2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder 1/4 teaspoon grated nutmeg, pinch salt, lemon extract. Mix ingredients in order given, then chill thoroughly, roll on floured cloth until thin as cardboard, place on greased tins, bake eight min-u.es. For cocoanut cookies, prinkle top with shredded cocoanut and roll in slightly; sprinkle some with cinnamon and ugar for sand tarts; for chocolate cookies melt 1-3 square hocolate and add to a portion of the mixture; for maple nut cookies use maple sugar instead of white and sprinkle with pecan nuts and brown sugar; for surprise cookies, cut same cookie mixture in circles, put tenspoon marmalade, conserve or Banbury tart filling, cover with another cookie, press to-gether. Russian Christmas cookies are made of the same with jelly filling or dates pressed in, and covered with frost ing of different colors, by adding few drops of fruit colorings. Pink sugar can be used on to also for variets.

tin rare old lace that was used on he grandmother's wedding drass. The of the skirt, caught up with a sprig

TWO BUDS PRESENTED TO of orange blossoms, and to form the sleeves and foundation of the bodico which is partially draped in the satin D. C. SOCIETY and is finished with with a deep girdle of the satin. The tulle veil which falls over her face hangs to the end of the long court train, and is

BRIDE and two buds are play-A ing the leading roles in Washington society this afternoon. Pretty nearly every bouy in town will attend the marriage of Miss Grace Carter Beach and John E. Barber in Bethlehem Chapel, or Miss Rosa-Maye Kendrick's coming out party or Miss Margaret Taylor's coming out party-or all three, if it be possible to take them all in in one afternoon.

Miss Kendrick is the daughter of Senator and Mrs. John B. Lendrick, of Wyoming, one of the two charming debutantes which the Senatorial set is presenting to society this season. She will be introduced to her parents' friends at a reception which they are giving at 2400 Sixteenth street, where Senator and Mrs. Kendrick make their

Mrs. Kendrick will be assisted by Mrs. David Franklin Houston Mrs. Edwin T. Meredith, Mrs. Francis Warren, Mrs. Atlee Pomerene, Mrs. Charles B. Henderson, Mrs. Arthur Capper, and Mrs. Frank W. Mondell, who will preside in turn at the prettily appointed tea table, Mrs. Julian J. Mason and Mrs. George Pynor. Miss Eula Williams, niece of Mrs.

Kendrick; Miss Winifred Stevens and Miss Marcia Thom, of Wyoming, who are staying with Senator and Mrs. Kendrick for the holidays will be in the receiving party. They are all students at Goucher College, of which Miss Kendrick is a graduate. The debutante will also be assist ed by a group of her sister buds, among them Miss Dorothy Mondell, Miss Katherine Smith, Miss Katherine Marriott, Miss Edith Bacon, Miss Ann Craven, Miss Esther Me-Vann, Miss Margaret Treadwell, Miss Enid Sims, and Miss Katherine Munson.

Palms and cut flowers have been used in profusion by way of decorations and the quantities of bouquets sent the bud are fastened to a screen of smilax before which Mrs. Kendrick and her daughter will stand, Mrs. Kendrick will wear a black lace gown and Miss Kendrick a frock of pale orchid metal cloth veiled in tulle of the same shade embroidered in velvet flowers. She will carry orchids. The gown is a Paris model. Mrs. Kendrick brought it with her on her recent return from Paris and she also brought over the charming rose pink chiffon frock embroidered in crystal beads which Miss Williams is wearing.

MISS TAYLOR'S DEBUT.

Brig. Gen. and Mrs. Harry Taylor will also present their daughter. Miss Margaret Taylor, this afterhome in S street. Mrs. Newton D. Baker will preside at the tea table, assisted by Mrs. Henry Jervey, Mrs. W. W. Galbraith, Mrs. Mason Patrick, Mrs. Charles Keller, Mrs. Clarence Ridley, Mrs. George Pilsbury, Mrs. Boggs, Mrs. W. D. Conner Mrs. W. D. Leany, Mrs. W. N. Jeff-

ers, and Mrs. William Herron. The house is decorated with pink roses and palms and fragrant with the flowers which have been sent Miss Taylor. She will wear a dainty gown of rose-colored tulle, embroidered in silver and made over pale pink satin and will carry an armful of pink roses. Mrs. Taylor's costume is of black chantilly lace

over white satin.

Miss Taylor will be assisted by a group of this year's buds and this evening they will all be guests at the dinner which Comdr. and Mrs. W. W. Galbraith are giving at the Chevy Chase Club in honor of the debuntante. A number of oth r girls will be included in the dinner party and a corresponding number of young men.

WILSON'S ANNIVERSARY.

Letters and telegrams are arriving today at the White House to congratulate the President and Mrs. Wilson upon the fifth anniversary of tertaining the French Ambassador their wedding. They are celebrating and Mme. Jusserand, the Spanish Amit quietly, with only a small family dinner party tonight to make it a Anbassador and Lady Geddes.

MARSHALLS TO ENTERTAIN.

shall have selected the dates for a Thomas J. O'Brien, Miss Dorothy series of dinners which they will give James, Miss Katherine Colby, John C. during January and will entertain on the evenings of January 8, January 10, January 15 and January 22.

Marshall will be the honor guests at Misses Colby. the dinner which is being given by Sepator Walter Edge and his mother- after January 1. n-law, Mrs. Sara Lee Phillips, who is his hostess. Col. and Mrs. Myron W. Robinson and Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Boettger, of New Jersey, are here to attend the dinner and are staying with Senator Edge and Mrs. Phillips.

The Ambassador of Peru and Mme. Pezet will be entertained at dinner tonight by Mr. and Mrs. William A. Scully, who will have a distinguished company to meet them. Mr. and Mme. Pezet will also be honor guests at the dinner which Col. William Eric Fowler is giving on Tuesday evening.

MRS. FIELD ENTERTAINS.

Mrs. Marshall Field had a luncheon today for M ne. Mende, of Switzerland, who is visiting the Serbian Minister and Mmc. Grouitch. ---

ton Cathedral will be the scene this season. afternoon of another interesting wed-ding, when the marriage of Miss nard, Miss Katherine Sutherland. Grace Carter Beach, daughter of Mr. Miss Ann Wickes Craven, Miss Marand Mrs. Morgan H. Beach, and John garet Yates Taylor, Miss Katherine E. Barber, of Pasadena, Calif., will Marriott, Miss Anne Hight, Miss Ma take place. performed at 4 o'clock by Right Rev. lor, Miss Edith Bacon, Miss Eleanor Alfred Warren Harding, bishop of Davenport Wheeler, Miss May Govin. Washington, in the presence of a large Miss Marjorie Gelm, Miss Madeleit company of friends and relatives and Austin, Miss Virginia McKenney

diate family. which lends itself so well to a wed-Manuel Zavala, charge d'affaires of ding, the decorations will be very Nicaragua; Comdr. Luis Aubry. na-

marriage by her father, will your a revisin embass, i galo

picture hat of flesh colored tulle and will carry orchids. The bridesmaids, who are Miss Sidney Burleson, Miss Elizabeth Beach, sister of the bride, Miss Mary Pearre, and Miss Alice Barber, sister of the bridegroom, will be dressed alike in growns of blue chiffon fashioned like the maid of honor's. They will wear large hats of blue tulle and also carry orchids. Maurice Barber, brother of the bridegroom, will be the best man and

made with a crown of rose point

old family lace. She will carry a shower bouquet of orchids and likes

Miss Katharine Beach, the bride's

sister who will be the maid of honor, will wear a dainty gown, fashioned

of flesh colored chiffon, made very

simply, the only trimming being a

soft girdle of the chiffon in shades

of pink and orchid. She will wear a

of the valley.

The train is trimmed with tho

the ushers include Maxwell Bessell of Chicago, Arthur G. King, of Norfolk. Nathan F George, of New York, John Cutter of Boxton, George E. Hamilton and George Lake both of Washington Among the out-of-town guests who are here for the wedding are Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Fairfax, aunt and uncle of the bride, of Richmond and Miss Fairfax, who are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Beach; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Barber, parents of the bride groom, and their son, William Barber, of Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. Ferred Brinton, of Philadelphia, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Patchin, aunt and uncle of the bride, and Miss Patchin, of New York.

There have been a number of parties given for the bride previous to the wedding, including a dinner last night by which Mrs. Joseph Wellar gave for the members of the bridal party and a luncheon which Miss Sidney Burleson gave yesterday, both the ushers and the bridesmaids being included among the guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Walker have with them their son, Aldace Walker who is home from school at Pomfret, Conn., for the Christmas holidays. Mrs Walker's brother-in-law and sister, Baron and Baroness von Schoen, who sailed for Germany, will land in Holland on December 20 and will go to his parents in Germany for Christmas. Baron von Schoen, who has been attached to the German embassy in Mexico City until recently, is waiting transfer to another posts

Mrs. Josiah Kingsley Ohl, after having been guest of her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Garnett Andrews, in Chatta-South Carolina, where she will stop at the Carolina Inn until the spring. She will return to New York early in the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Fitzsimons, who are in Peru, are spending some time camping along the foothills of the Andes Mountains.

Mrs. Stephen E. Eikins, who is in New York, has taken an apartment remain for the present.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pulitzer, of New York, who are now at the Shoreham, will shortly take possession of the Massachusetts avenue residence of Mrs. John R. Williams, which they have leased for the season. Mrs. Williams and her daughter, Mrs. Mc-Combs, will leave Washing on soon for Europe, and will spend the late

Mrs. Frank Lester Smith entertained a group of buds at luncheon. followed by a matinee party, today in compliment to Miss Dorothy Mondell.

winter in Rome.

MRS. COLBY'S DINNER.

Mrs. Colby, wife of the Secretary of State, was hostess at dinner last evening at her home in K street, enbasador and Mme. Riano, the British Secr tary of the Treasury and Mrs. Houston, Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Sedgwick, The Vice President and Mrs. Mar- charge d'affaires. Mr. Lahovary;

White, and Wilmot Lewis. Mrs. Colby has invitations out for another dinner this evening, when Tonight the Vice President and Mrs. the guests will be the friends of the

She will not be at home again unti

BACHELOR DIPLOMATS HOSTS. The Ambassador of Peru and Mins.

Pezet acted as hosts for a group of young diplomats of the Latin-American countries, who last night entertained at a dinner dance a group of the season's debutantes. The entertainment, which was in the nature of a return compliment for the many courtesies shown these young members of the diplomatic corps, was held at Wardman Park Hotel.

The guests were seated at on large table, abloom with roses and other flowers, and lighted by electric tapers. A dance, to which other guests were invited, followed the dinner, and was so enthusiastically enjoyed that there is being considered the organization of a se-Bethlehem Chapel of the Washing- ries of such dances throughout the

The ceremony will be rie Louise Johnson, Miss May Taywill be followed by an informal recep- Miss Marcia Chapin. Miss Barril of tion for the bridal party and imme- Drake, Miss Peggy Martin, Senorita Angela de Quesada, Senorita Tulia Owing to the beauty of the chapel. Uribe, Senorita Ines Uribe, Seno simple, a few cut-flowers being used val attache of the Peruvian embassimple, on the altar.

The bride, who will be given in aviate, second secretary of the Pe

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made on straight lines and trimmed (Continued on Page Seventeen.)